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form where more honour and truth were enshrin'd
Than in his who has render'd thy waves dear to me!

And these are the paths, arm in arm where we've stray'd,
As fondly I hoped we should journey through life;
And here is the spot where with rapture he said
He still bless'd the day which had made me his wife!
O! green be the earth on this seat all the year;
Still sacred to friendship and love may it be;
Though oft its soft grass is bedew'd with a tear,
No spot on the earth is so dear unto me.

Enough, my full heart, from this scene let me go;
Behold where the sun-beams dance bright through the leaves,
Perhaps his warm influence a balm may bestow—
Alas! no, *this* prospect more painfully grieves;
For there stands the cot where each blessing I knew,
Its walls through the green waving foliage I see;
Nor could Fancy picture a more rural view—
Oh view! how belov'd, and how mournful to me.

O cot, where I've tasted of joy and of woe!
As great as e'er falls to humanity's part!
My love in your walls did true happiness know,
And there burst the sighs that at last rent his heart.
Oh! thought full of anguish, for ever in view,
With pain, thou lov'd dwelling, each beauty I see,
But while this sad heart to its feelings beats true,
Thou canst not be view'd with indiff'rence by me.

The sun now declines to his western retreat,
The grave tints of ev'ning steal over the lawn;
O spirit, with whom this fond heart is replete!
Dost thou e'er visit here, at the ev'ning or dawn?—
Oh, heart-soothing thought! thou may'st now round me hover,
And all my fond wishes be known unto thee—
For sure, if permitted, my life thou'lt watch over!
O spirit benign! shed thy influence o'er me.

Wrapt in thought, as I stray, dark shades veil the sky,
How awful these gusts of the wind through the trees!
Methinks now each branch for my loss seems to sigh—
More soothing these blasts than the zephyr's soft breeze.
Ah! scenes dear to mem'ry! thou steals't from my eyes,
Soon dark as the grave ev'ry prospect shall be,
But morning, more glorious, to thee shall arise:
Ah, can morn e'er enliven the wretched like me!

April, 1805. DELIA.

ON SPRING.

THE blackbird whistles joyful notes,
And from a thousand little throats,
What sweet, what varied music flows
On every gentle gale that blows!
Oh! this is rapture! this is Spring,
When all is young, and all is fair,
Who would not try with these to sing,
And cast away all grovelling care!
The dewy earth, gemm'd o'er with flowers,
The warbling birds, the thick'ning bowers,
The balmy air, the lengthening days
All serve delightful hopes to raise:
For now is hope, and now is joy,
No fear of winter shall annoy,
The present bliss, for every day,
We know, new beauties will display.
The branches now, just tipp'd with green,
All dress'd in leaves will soon be seen,
Now scatter'd birds most sweetly sing;—
Soon with full harmony shall ring,
The shady groves, and larks on high,
Will, as they chaunt, approach the sky.
'Tis thus in childhood's charming days,
The mother views the engaging ways,
Which, one by one, bud forth and blossom,
She clasps her darling to her bosom,
And present bliss, and hoped for joy,
Mix sweetly as she eyes her boy.

ELIZA.

LINES

To the Memory of the late John O'Neil, esq. of Banvale.

NO longer Banvale, mourn as fair a name,
As e'er to virtue laid an honest claim;
But thank thy God, that he so long did spare
A life so useful, and a friend so dear;
Where dignity and sweetness well combin'd,
To form and harmonize a perfect mind.

So equal portion'd did those virtues blend,
You saw a master, or you found a friend.
If Virtue's child he would thy sorrows heal;
But pride and folly shrunk before O'Neil:
For Nature, to befit him for each part,
Gave angel goodness, and a hero's heart;
The one to aid, the other to reprove,
Both to o'erawe, or gain esteem and love.
He claim'd no title from his ancient blood,
But rear'd this great one!—"He was wise and good;"
For well he knew that folly would efface
The well gain'd honours of an ancient race;
So from his fathers he disdain'd to shine,
And added lustre to a princely line.
No humble lot could not his merits hide,
They all bespoke how high he was allied,
With Virtue's aid, birth oft itself reveals,
As Douglas' blood, so flow'd this true O'Neil's.
So purely too, that all the world might scan,
Tyrone's* descendant in an humble man:
Who lived retir'd where his great fathers reign'd
(And thank'd his God that he had so ordain'd)
Shed their pure blood against their country's foes,
Ere upstart lords in tinsel state arose.

Thy hills, O Ulster, and thy fertile plains,
Thy warlike chiefs, and thy undaunted swains,
Once own'd the sway his mighty fathers held
By fame in arms, and country's love impell'd,
Drove from our shores the fierce invading Dane,
And laid in dust the shameful foreign chain.
In ruder days thus shone his sires in arms;
But Peace for him spread forth her golden charms;
And yonder vale where gentle Banna flows,
He made the seat of friendship and repose.
His gen'rous soul, and hospitable door
Were always open to the guiltless poor;
And here the friend of learning too, might find
A cheerful welcome, and a kindred mind.
Or did the gay one, in some lucky hour,
To his fair cot retreat from storm or shower,
He found a man by nature form'd to please,
Of noble aspect, and a graceful ease;
A gentle welcome and a cheerful smile,
And all the courtier but his baneful wile;
What more *he was* deserves a nobler lay;
And what *he is* let hosts of angels say.

R. D.

*He was the lineal descendant of the O'Neils, earls of Tyrone.

ON A WATCH RIBBON,

RECEIVED FROM MISSES J. A. AND J. S. OF CARRICKFERGUS.

OH, time! fell murderer of the human race,
Whose scythe, unsparing, cuts without regret,
Who takest from memory each dearest trace,
And from the heart restrainst the vital beat.

This little gift reminds me of thy pow'r,
As every moment I thy flight perceive;
By it I mark the tedious, lin'gring hour,
When for my absent friends I vainly grive.

But time may wield his threat'ning sword in vain,
He cannot drive the donors from my heart,
The two dear givers and the gift remain,
And from remembrance never can depart.
Still will I kiss the trifle for their sake,
Assur'd that time our friendship cannot break.

His Majesty's ship L'Argus, J. P.
Cork, Nov. 15, 1808.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE fairest harbinger of spring,
Yon Primrose yields its mild perfume,
And foster'd by the vernal shower,
In nature's simple beauty bloom.

But should some cold and win'try blast
Succeed the warmth of April skies,
Behold this lovely child of Spring
'Midst sedges dark neglected dies.

Ye fair, whose very smiles are love,
The Moral of my lay attend;
When cold Indifference shades your brows,
Your beauties fade, your triumphs end:

And like yon fair, but hapless flow'r,
Doom'd to forgetfulness a prey,
'Midst dreary woods, and lonely fields,
Life's tedious moments roll away.

While youth and beauty lend their charms
These happy gifts with care improve;
Though beauty first attracts our eyes,
Your smiles alone secure our love.

Dungannon. WILLIAM.

TO MISS MARGARET A.***

OF CARRICKFERGUS, ON PERCEIVING HER LOOK THOUGHTFUL.

SAY, Peggy, why sits meditation,
On that cheerful beauteous brow?
Care might choose some other station,
Sweeter studies claim thee now.

With thee I ne'er could use deceit,
Nor flatter, even though inclin'd,
Thy outward beauties though so great,
Are far exceeded by thy mind.

Dare melancholy then, her seat
E'er fix in that attractive face?
Where Cupid makes his sly retreat,
And points his bow to every place.

Too oft the urchin's power I feel,
Whene'er I cast my eyes on thee,
And still cannot my hopes reveal,
But frequent struggle to be free.